

Public Enemy Lyrics

"A Letter To The New York Post"

Come and get your New York Post
New York Post right here
Come on y'all
Get the bost stubost stubost
Coasta coasta New York Post
Yo New York Post don't brag or boast
Dissin' flavor when he's butter that you put on your toast
Put my address in the paper cause I smacked that girl
She's the mother of my kid's that I took around the world
Disagreements having scuffles when you share upon
You shouldn't try to drain subjects in a duck pond
If you're gonna tell a story about people's worries
Watch what you tell 'em cause they don't bring you glory
It only brings agony, ask James Cagney
He beat up on a guy when he found he was a fagney
Cagney is a favorite he is my boy
He don't jive around he's a real McCoy
Chuck D yeah, you tellin' Flav we got to let 'em know
Here's a letter to the New York Post
The worst piece of paper on the east coast
Matter of fact the whole state's forty cents
in New York City fifty cents elsewhere
It makes no goddamn sense at all
America's oldest continuously published daily piece of bullshit
Flavor Flav is the one that makes The Post money
Writers making violence in headlines funny
Tryin' to undress my past until it's naked
Post got Flavor from sellin' no records
Europe Asia to the street of New York
Flavor Flav known for his finesse talk
Do it to ya for The Post to employ me
New York Post can't destroy me
Rapper of Public Enemy, rapstar beats lover
With the headline of a fucked up cover
Out the pot took plate New York Post
get your story straight motherfucker
It always seem they make our neighborhood look bad
Here's a letter to the New York Post
Ain't worth the paper it's printed on
Founded in 1801 by Alexander Hamilton
That is 190 years continuous of fucked up news
Yo one can play the game, two can play the game
Yo Flav read on can't forget you either Jet
Flavor Flav is your best Jet yet
My own people own the most business
Write on faith of value'sness
Should have checked with me before you wrote it

Got it from another source and quote it
Put it out like the new year bull drop
In every beauty parlor and barber shop
Flavor Flav world renown
Can't keep a man like Flavor down
Yo Jet be a good host
Don't print bull like the New York Post
Augh, looks like somebody slipped up here
Anyway here's a letter to the New York Post
Black newspaper and magazines are supposed to get the real deal
from the source y'all
Sorry, Jet you took the info straight out of The Post
Burned us just like toast
When it comes to getting you facts straight about P.E.
Get your shit correct